Poems

- Brian Edwards

Another year
of blown out
candles
another year
shaken
by the storms
another year
when talk
is cheap
we don't wish
to hear it
yet they'll
make sure
we do

***

- 3/30/2026

Another month
is over
I still live
pretty far
from Dover
I've yet to see
a clover
now St. Patty's Day
is over
I call upon
a rover
of the high cliffs
of Dover
to sing
those songs
those songs
those beautiful
songs
about Dover

***

- 3/30/2026

The job's got
my mind
feeling cooked
can't write a lot
in depth
so I'll just
keep it quick
shallow
and trivial
the job
is the nemesis
of the Muse

***

- 3/30/2026

Upon this
unknown plateau
the peacock's
feathers
are lovely
glowing harps
enchant us with
celestial music
and we forget
all about
the horrid
taxation
of our
private property

***

- 3/30/2026

Bad decisions
seem to grow
like crab apples
new discoveries
take time
to flick on
the lightbulb
clever folks
say clever things
ravens fly
with raven wings
and here we are
back where
we've already been
going around
again
for another knock
on the noggin
we never learn
once the lightbulb
is fried

***

- 3/30/2026

Too poor
too go north
too poor
to go east
or west
too poor
to go
into self-imposed
exile
in whatever land
I deem the best
too poor
to go south
it's such
a long way
from me
I suppose
I'm just stuck
in the land
of the fallen
cherry tree

***

- 3/30/2026

Now we're going
up towards
Elysium
up with
the stars
the journey
has been long
and exhausting
yet soon
very soon
we'll be
up with
the stars
we'll be up there
among
the Constellations
eternity
is up there
serenity
that last forever
is up there

***

- 3/31/2026

Listen closely
listen true
a song of tomorrow
is playing
on an old
phonograph
in Katmandu
hear it now
remember it well
someday
it will bring you
comfort
in a time
that seems
like Hell

***

- 3/31/2026

As dawn breaks
the world
grows brighter
a graceful light
shines through
many windows
wondrously

***

- 3/31/2026

Songs
of the flower
songs
of the bird
songs of
the delivery truck
that one's
a bit of
a ruckus

***

- 3/31/2026

A raven
perched
on an old
stone balcony
with a lovely view
of a valley
that at dawn
when the weather
is fair
could make one
believe
that the kingdom
has arrived
at last

***

- 3/31/2026

Down
to the sea
I often go
to forget
the inhumanity
of humanity
all the chances
that are
squandered
by fools
down to the sea
I often go
to forget
I offer up
my thoughts
to the waves
and the waves
and the waves
take from me
all those memories
of the fools

***

- 3/31/2026

Long live
the emperor
of the crows
he knows
what goes
out here
away from
the dreary city

***

- 3/31/2026

In my lifetime
I've seen it all
rise and fall
climb and descend
I didn't see
the beginning
but I sure did
see the end

***

- 3/31/2026

Thus
to the tyrant
thus
to the snake
thus
to the piper
at dawn
that wakes
us up
like a jerk

***

- 3/31/2026

Cauldrons boil
and witches see
a future
that seems
inviting
yet that'll end
with a dagger
to the gut
or a noose
from a tree

***

- 3/31/2026

Let us feed
the wind
with this dust so
would you not go
if so inclined
I feel so inclined
let us go
and feed the wind
this dust so

***

- 3/31/2026

Take me to
a beautiful
tropical island
that is all
I will pay you
at the end
of time

***

- 3/31/2026

Sing to me
sweet songs
of the crazed mind
light a candle
in this room
and drink
this absinthe
so divine
with me

***

- 3/31/2026

What's happened
to the place
the bankers
got away
with it
they thought
money was godly
until they saw
a beast
with seven heads
rise from the sea
near Wall Street

***

- 3/31/2026

It's a time
without depth
a time
without a soul
a time without
any meaning
time without
any goal
go move on
to the future
go move on
to the past
go move on
to someplace
where you'll find
some depth
at last

***

- 3/3/2026

This ideology
of minutiae
isn't very promising
each day
we shovel it aside
yet then it's back
the very next day
rolling in
on the minutiae tide

***

- 4/1/2026

Songs and songs
and songs
and dreams
everyone dancing
with a sparkle
and gleam
rolling
rolling
rolling by
everyone rolling
good and high
the next time
around
we'll just
have to lie
so they'll sigh
and not even try
the next time
around
we'll concoct
a damn fine lie

***

- 4/1/2026

Violets
of the Summer
yield to memory
in the winter
there was nothing
I could see
when enough
snow fell
to cover
the grassy fields
and the forest floor

***

- 4/1/2026

The windmill
seems to mock us
like a dragon
letting us know
that it's better
than us
now we understand
what
Don Quixote saw
it was no
hallucination
he was simply
seeing
what the windmill
wants us to see

***

- 4/1/2026

What are
you and I
to do
when the dogs
of fate
are vicious
we'll pray
for it all
to fade away
and for silence
and peace
to descend
over the fields
of haystacks

***

- 4/1/2026

Seas of turnips
oceans of broccoli
what in
Heaven's name
am I writing
the coffee has yet
to revive me

***

- 4/1/2026

The birds
know more
than me
about the
seasons
the seasons
symbolize
the changing
of all things
and so
a river flows
in its splendor
and so
a village
awakens
at first light

***

- 4/1/2026

There are
simple ways
and Sunny ways
to go about
a thing
and I must decide
if I will ride
upon the wings
of a spring morning's
sparrow
in flight

***

- 4/1/2026

To an island
of solitude
I'll sail
to an island
where no one
shall hear
my ramblings
you've got to
let go
of somethings
sometimes
by rambling
and it's
always better
if no one's
around to hear

***

- 4/1/2026

They lie
without expression
it all brings about
much depression
I think
I'll take a dip
in the pool
to forget about
the lying fool

***

- 4/1/2026

The fireflies
have yet
to appear
maybe
they went
up north
to escape
all the misery
around here

***

- 4/1/2026

I just had
one beer
this entire year
as I made
a promise
to a fading star
now I'm glad
to be far removed
from the
drunken old days
I have seen

***

- 4/1/2026

Lanterns glowing
in the place
of philosophy
as they
always should
that place
is the last hope
in a dark world

***

- 4/1/2026

Dollar signs
mean nothing
beyond
the Stratosphere
out there
it's a wing
and a prayer
and your dreams
that carry you far

***

- 4/1/2026

By the last
ember of light
at twilight
waiting for
the shore
of the Cosmos
to appear
and the
many stars
beyond

***

- 4/1/2026

Time moves
like driftwood
sometimes
try to see it
through
try to make
it bearable
you're only
true option
is to try
and that's truth

***

- 4/2/2026

Songs
of the
candle flicker
hear them
listen well
for each one
is unique
and never
repeated
more
than once

***

- 4/2/2026

Say what
you must say
though not
what you
mustn't say
do you believe
like we believe
do you believe
like we
don't believe
we will find
everlasting truth
atop a mountain
so we shall go
searching
every mountain
we can find

***

- 4/2/2026

Go with me
up to
the great hall
of the Valkyries
go with me
we'll ascend
brave and true
we'll ascend
true and brave
they'll speak
later of us
saying
those two
were some brave
and true naives

***

- 4/2/2026

So we go on
and seek
a true purpose
out here
where true purpose
seems like
a novelty idea
yet we'll
bite the bullet
and march through
the muddy mire
for we are
mercenaries
for hire
in the pay of
a royal fool

***

- 4/2/2026

For many
of us
we can't
make anything
of it now
so we'll growl
in silence
and when
the time is right
we'll howl
like fearsome
wolves
in the Moonlight

***

- 4/2/2026

Don't think
too much
on all
the broken things
it'll just
perpetuate
too much thinking
on how much
of it all
is broken
and thinking
too much
on all the
broken things
could drive one
too drink
and it's too
early
in the
morning now
to drink
or so society
would tell us

***

- 4/2/2026

Too much
routine
of this
too much
routine
of that
can bring about
nightmares
of bats
those primordial
winged creatures

***

- 4/2/2026

Remember us
in days
beyond
this time
of calamity
our time
was like
a mad bull
running wild
in a willow patch

***

- 4/2/2026

Destiny
often
wishes you well
unless
it tells you
to go to Hell
and if destiny
should tell you
to go to Hell
best not
to back talk
to destiny
or it'll
make your life
a living Hades

***

- 4/2/2026

Thoughts
of peaceful
silence
and serenity
often find me
right before
a fearsome tempest

***

- 4/2/2026

Now let us
sweep away
the regrets
out the
backdoor
what's done
what's won
probably
wasn't really won
yet they'll
tell you
that it is
and hope
you just
believe it
and some
will just
believe it
for some
have no regrets
I have mine
and you
have yours
lets sweep
them away
and move on
to other chores

***

- 4/2/2026

And now
the twilight
is here
I see
what did it
all mean
in the end
I don't
really know
yet the end
seems like
a friend
in this madhouse
and the waltz
goes on
and on
and on

***

- 4/2/2026

Hearing
a symphony
drinking
some gin
why did
everyone
get so angry
did they
run out
of gin
they should
go down
to gin alley
and get
themselves
some more gin
Zen truth
is good
for some
sainthood
is good
for others
I drink my gin
and am satisfied

***

- 4/2/2026

At the end
of the line
perhaps
there'll be wine
there will be
if you plan ahead
and stash
some wine
for the end
of the line

***

- 4/2/2026

Let us go
let us drink
let us wallow
in the gin dive
read me
a horoscope
read me two
the future
is not for me
the future
is for you
O' laughter
O' insanity
O' solitude
O' salvation
O' profanity
bring me
to your
house of stars
not of mere
candles
but of stars
the gin
will absolve us
of sin
and we shall
feel sin
no more
once we
go through
the door
of the gin dive
so speak
this prophetic
pondering
to the birds
as they look on
indifferent
to our presence

***

- 4/2/2026

Many folks
so many folks
have an axe
to grind
so they grind it
while you're
simply trying
to enjoy
your wine
so many folks
have some
of that
political fever
they want
to tell you
how it is
yet there's really
no one way
that it is
some folks
simply admire
the lovely stars
at night
I like
those folks
the best

***

- 4/3/2026

What more
can I see
but for a world
going mad
and I am
most glad
I have already
been mad
for a long awhile
I have worn
my suit
of armor
in the mad wind
and have prevailed
I shall not
scale the tower
all alone
this day
I shall wait
for the others
and we shall
scale it
like leopards
in the mountains

***

- 4/3/2026

Silence
darkness
fog
omens
of the bog
ladybugs
atop the logs
the world
spins on
at the whim
of eternity
a candle's light
is such a sight
we may behold
in the dark
it's true
in the dark
of night
do you behold
the sight
of this candle
lit for you

***

- 4/3/2026

We wish
to be told
why the grift
is unfolding
those grifters
must assume
they can grift
without a scolding

***

- 4/3/2026

What'll it be
today
what'll it he
tomorrow
what'll be
as we are numb
to all this
sorrow
it's always
something
it's always
something
each new day
we will do
our work
we will toil
in our toil
yet we are
most aware
they are
planting
evil seeds
in our soil
they wish to sow
the evil seeds
and grow of them
dark gardens
of greed
what'll it be
today and tomorrow
we are numb now
to all the sorrow
as the bastards
plant
their evil seeds

***

- 4/3/2026

Another day
of the grind
tomorrow
another line
chiseled
into the wall

***

- 4/3/2026

THE CLOUDY PUB :

There I'll be
by the edge
of the sea
there I'll go
to a land
of snow
there I will fly
to the cloudy pub
up in the sky

***

- 4/3/2026

LIKE DIOGENES :

Like Diogenes
the Cynic
I wander
the city streets
at night
with a lantern
searching
for an honest pub

***

- 4/3/2026

IN A NICE AND QUIET PLACE :

Tomorrow
I go against
the hydra
three heads
lots of fangs
and in
a bad mood
my sword
is ready
my heart
is true
Lord grant
me strength
for if
I should falter
this fool
is through
and if that
be the case
bury what's left
of me
in a nice
and quiet place

***

- 4/3/2026

The Sun
will soon rise
a new day
of the world
is about
to begin
the cons
and the grifters
open their eyes
preparing
and organizing
their day's worth
of lies
the birds
are singing
so are
the money
embezzlers
the car stealing
SOB's
the deer poaching
diabolical thieves
the Sun
is soon to rise
and to no one's
surprise
the telemarketers
are having
their coffee
and danish
planning out
the day
of their wicked
vocation

***

- 4/4/2026

Can you see
the feathers
of the dove
now there's
something
to inspire you
if in your heart
you've got
any love left
if the world didn't
mangle it all
with its ways
that are often
cruel ways
and not
very good ways

***

- 4/4/2026

Thus speaks
the Muse
to me
write it
all down
beneath a tree

***

- 4/4/2026

So it is
you speak
of shining stars
of potent drink
to numb
the mind
so it won't think
I don't wish
to think
without a drink
I want that
good old
numbness
that drink
bestows
the mind knows
when its time
for that
especially when
the world seems
a confluence
of woes

***

- 4/4/2026

Soon
the lovely iris
will grow
in lovely
morning light
and so the world
holds much
beauty still
though while
at the day job
many long
for the bottle
or for the pill

***

- 4/4/2026

Do not think me
indifferent
unmoved
unfeeling
for I have felt
the tremble
of the collapsing
foundation
of it all
I have looked
into mirrors
and seen
a stranger
I have wandered
amidst the dangers
at the boundary
between two worlds

***

- 4/4/2026

When night
has fallen
when darkness
has fallen
I see no more
of the masquerade
I see the stars
that were there
before it all
and that will
be there
long after
we are
but leaves
blown around
in the wind
of time
so just
never mind
about it all

***

- 4/4/2026

Never let it
get away
whatever
the prize is
that particular day
though we know
that's not how
any of it works
what you
don't want
to get away
will get away
for fate
can be a jerk
so just have
a beer
or a soda
or two
think not on
the opportunities
that got away
or the dream
that will never
come true
for you

***

- 4/4/2026

Some nights
are rough
and the hours
are tough
they harass you
like a crazy bat
just ponder that
a crazy bat
that's where
you're at
some nights

***

- 4/5/2026

Here we are
atop a hill
trying to forget
that overdue bill
ever it follows
ever it's there
ever it's
all around us
like harpies
in the air
here we are
atop a hill
trying to forget
though
we probably
won't forget
for these thoughts
of the overdue bill
seem to curse
the very air
so it is
a circumstance
I wish
would disappear

***

- 4/5/2026

The Sun
the Sun
you see
the Sun
the Sun
of thee
of the hydrogen
glowing
of the
most ancient
knowing
that which lies
between the Sun
and we
that of thee
that of thee
are you
a quiet soul
or are you
a jack tar
of the pier
and of the pub

***

- 4/5/2026

Drift we do
into starlight
we sink
and we fall
into the dawn
who is the pawn
and who is
the orchestrator
here
alas we drift
across an azure sky
so we hear
the heralds
so we hear
the waking
dragon
so it is
for all to see
the enchanted
morning
of creation's
mystery

***

- 4/5/2026

Behold
a new season
arrives
I am as
a leaf
from twenty
Autumns ago
blowing around
the forest floor

***

- 4/5/2026

This year
I will find
the island
of my exile
and so
the doves
are gone
and so
the wind
is lashing
our sails
a calm sea
and serenity
may be found
somewhere
out there
where the island
of my exile
is awaiting

***

- 4/5/2026

Sonnets
and barbed wire
barbed wire
and orchids
know you this
it is the year
of the raven
everywhere
shall feel
this change
in the wind
what can
I tell you
everything
is more revealed
to our eyes
and to
our souls
in the light
of first light
nightmares
may awaken us
yet the first light
will bring us back
to our joy

***

- 4/3/2026

Carve out
for yourself
a place
of the great pie
never lie
never let it all
make you cry
never fly
if you can
avoid it
unless you're
one of those
who must fly
as if you were
born with wings
in a previous life

***

- 4/2/2026

Springtime
is a pain
in the ass
though it's
making the grass
much greener
and that's
a swell thing

***

- 4/5/2026

The young knight
on such
a noble quest
did befoul
himself
on such
a spurge of ale
he fell asleep
along
a muddy road
and was
awoken
the next morning
by the stirring
of a noble toad

***

- 4/5/2026

Be true
if you be true
be rotten
if you be
begotten
by naives
think you not
upon
the Golden Fleece
make your way
into
the dark temple
there if you
so wish
you may find
eternal peace
in Medusa's eyes

***

- 4/5/2026

And so
your working
life begins
it'll end
who knows when
they won't
tell you
they'll just pretend
to tell you
so work on
and on
work on
as you are told
until you've grown
very old
then you can
collect your money
though it won't
be there
now ain't that
a kicker

***

- 4/5/2026

A gathering
of sixteen ravens
did occur
in a forest
at dawn
they schemed
and plotted
they gambled
and cussed
O' how
they cussed
inspired
by a new day's
light
how they cussed
and schemed
in a forest
at dawn

***

- 4/5/2026

There once was
a wandering naive
who spoke
in eloquent
sentences
far ahead
of the world
of his time
for in truth
he was no naive
at all
it was his world
and his time
that was so
heavily populated
with fools

***

- 4/5/2026

The weary knight
did find himself
a bottle of wine
he tipped it back
and feeling fine
he fell asleep
and dreamt
of vineyards
and of the grape

***

- 4/5/2026

Seek not
too much truth
for it will
make you mad
seek not
the deep silence
of eternity
it will find you
when it
is ready

***

- 4/5/2026

They opened up
a can of worms
couldn't they see
move left
move right
even the trees
seem to have eyes
out here
in the wasteland
of a wasteland
this is a tundra
and its
a wasteland
and lovely
verses
fill the sky
until the hour
when the crows
fly by
and devour them

***

- 4/5/2026

Do not
speak ill
of the times
they are
good times
maybe not
for you
yet they are
good times
and the wines
are good wines
and the corruption
is nothing new
we try
and live with it
what can we do
a house of cards
will only last
until the wind
picks up
or someone
spills a glass

***

- 4/5/2026

These twilights
that are timeless
when serenity
is found
when gazing upon
the meteor's trail
if only
I could stay
out here
among the pines
I shall think
this place
a heaven
just for me
for a time

***

- 4/5/2026

The weekend
is over
it had to he so
the clock
doesn't deceive
it reveals
the hour
sour night
sour night
of fading light
bring me
a clover
from Dover
how I long wished
to see the Sphinx
before departing
this worldly charade
it's all a charade
constructed
of toothpicks
and glue

***

- 4/5/2026

Seek
and you
will not find
repent
and you
may not
be forgiven
though
you probably
will be
it'll all
work out fine
as we seek
a brighter road
a brighter road
to follow
upon the morrow

***

- 4/6/2026

Well ....
you've made it
this far
what is there
to show
I know
I know
not much
so it goes
seek the songs
that are a bit
of solace
grab a bottle
count the stars
for awhile

***

- 4/6/2026

By the light
of bright
morning Sun
I shall
bring you
philosophy
of the naive
greater
than any
this side
of Thebes
naive philosophy
more bountiful
than a harvest
in Idaho
by the light
good friend
I shall
bring thee
philosophy
of the naive
with thy pen

***

- 4/6/2026

I shall gather
together
naives
obsessive dreamers
and visionary
boatmen
and for Ithaca
we'll sail
for we know
we shall
be blessed
with glory
and adventure
by the light
of a Full Moon
we'll sail
upon
a crystal sea

***

- 4/6/2026

Here we go
into the
dim light
searching for
the Cynic's vision
why do you wish
to be Cynics
you say
we do not wish
to be Cynics
we say
we simply
speak the truth
as we see it
and the truth
as we see it
is the Cynic's way

***

- 4/6/2026

Monday's are
a bitter pill
when it's
back to the job
and not
the forest
they say
some dollars
I must make
and pay taxes
yet I am
not so fond
of this dreary way
I'd rather
be in the forest
each day
except perhaps
when the weather
is very dismal

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- 4/5/2026

The grind
with all
of its mechanical
machinery
paperwork
and forms
red tape
pens .... pencils
sprockets
bolts
and conveyor belts
the grind
with its
long heritage
going back to
the Industrial
Revolution
the grind
that wishes you
to join it
this fine day
this fine day
in springtime

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- 4/6/2026